

Dear Sis -

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News is not making much happens these days in New York. In other words, there was nothing doing. I am boarding as I said I intended doing, and I find they set a pretty good table and I can't kick at all. I have almost thought to come to Monument Beach it is so quiet just now. But has gone into the country, and for Saturday Sunday & Monday I haven't had a soul to talk to or be social with. If it wasn't for the New York Journal and my sense of humour, I think I should end in the insane ward. It isn't conducive to a well balanced mind to be so entirely by one's self. I managed to put in my time pretty well and when I had a fit of the "crawls" this P.M. I went over to But's and whaled the "innards" out of his piano. It made me feel better to play some of the old hymns I knew they would still be singing at the Monument Beach Chapel. Ethrington, a friend of Mitchells was over at supper tonight and he and I chatted quite a little about various things. He is a social chap and it is hard to realize that he is twice my age. I feel almost 40 some times. I went to Church Sunday and as usual Mr. White gave an interesting address. He is a fine speaker and a sound thinker. I am sure you would enjoy him. Don't worry about Gordon again, you know I don't want to contract any friendships which will not be beneficial and I am sure in running our acquaintance I shall receive nothing but good. Gordon never was an entirely bad fellow, and his good points show all the better now that his bad ones have disappeared. I think in many ways we can be a help to each other. The picture you sent of Theo was fine - I wish I could have the dear puppie for company.

though I am afraid² he would feed life in my
dog days all the year round. and might object
to the stairs. They look, going down like the
cellar stairs at home, and I am afraid he would
balk at them. Was much interested in the Beach
news, and hope I can get there to inspect the
marvelous strides the improvement society have
been making. Why can't they leave the woods
alone? I wish all wood choppers were roasted in
the wood they cut (around the Beach) We have
just had the heaviest thunderstorm of the season
and as I write it is lightning off to the east.

I can hear the whistle of a ferrugine (it
sounded like the Brockton electric whistle) going
up Third Avenue and the clang of the host
cart going. I'm somewhere for they are going in
a hurry. They do pelt along over the cobbles
pretty fast, and the other day a straw
struck a "L" post and wrecked the rear wheels
strangely enough so our was hurt though it
stopped the machine right where it was.

If Bob Emmons takes the boat houses off
the beach I will make a water color of the "beach"
and send it him with many thanks.

We were discussing at the boarding house
table tonight the exploits of the million despoiler
Tracy. What a mudfall for the Divine novel
writers. Poor James was getting stale, and Tracy
is just what is wanted to relieve things. He is
the hardest case I ever read of and has shown a
wonderful amount of ingenuity and daring.

Hope they get him though. Are squatrage in
the pay yet? or Bluefish? or anything but
"Jim Criswell's scrip" Give my regards to
Capt. George when you see him and tell
Supps I intend to come to MB, if it is a
possible thing. I can't come or don't want

to come until my rent is out and that rent
 comes Aug 1. By that time I may be up to
 my ears in work and unable to come. Just now
 I am idle (or have no paying work) that is the
 way it goes. I wish I had as long a neck as the
 giraf I could nudge clear up to Mountmunt.

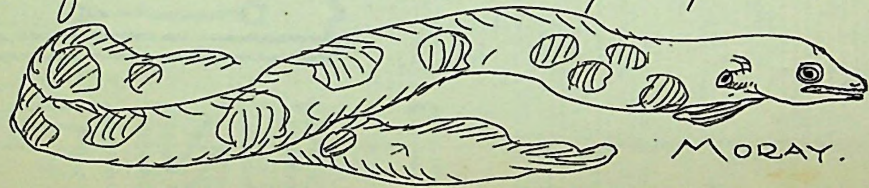
I suppose it is pretty quiet for you. Why don't
 you do some fishing. All my rods & stuff are
 there, help yourself. I wrote to Grandpa S
 last night I ought to have done so long ago
 but haven't had a chance really to think of
 it. I saw by the Whittman Times that Lillian Kent
 met Chas Cleft in San Fran. I should like to
 see him and wonder if he has changed much.

I saw some thurfish in a market today which
 looked as if they had just come out of the water
 and probably they weren't out very long. N.Y. has
 fresh fish which is our advantage. Squeteague
 can be caught easily within 10 miles of the City
 and Bluefish down the Jersey coast. But I don't
 believe they are like the old Buzzards Bay blues.

This building is a regular Bohemian Clubhouse
 now. All the tenants are musicians or artists,
 and it gives one quite an air of professionalism
 to read ones name on the card in connection
 with so many others all talented (ahem!)

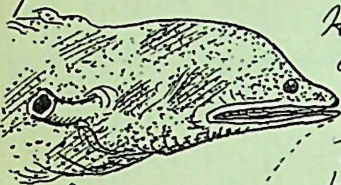
NO BOQUETS

I was in the Aquarium Monday, when I
 am downtown I always go in and see the
 fishes if I am nearly down to the Battery.
 They have a new species of Moray, an eel-like
 fish from Bermuda. And they say this comes



MORAY.

as near to being the genuine sea serpent as anything ever caught. This fellow is 8 feet long & as ugly as sin. It stated that the two negroes who caught him were fishing for Bluefish off the reefs and they hooked this fellow. He pulled so hard they thought they had hooked bottom, and when they saw what they had got they tumbled shrieking one each other thinking they had caught the devil. I don't blame them. Notice the little hole just back of the "neck" that is what constitutes it a new species, all other Morays and eels have gills. This one breathes through a tube. The sketch of the head isn't good it isn't the cast of features this particular Moray has. Will try again. This is better.



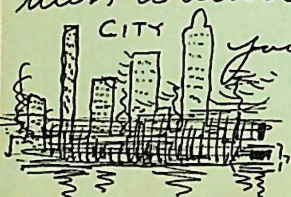
He can puff his throat out as far as the line-marked B which doesn't improve his appearance any.

Well I must close. Am sorry John Healy is so poorly. Give my best regards to Mule and Aunt Algra when they are at MB and wish I could see them. **NOTER I TOOK A BATH!**



I guess that is all the important news. Hope you are all well. Tell Grandma to give my regards to Mrs C and tell her (the next time she sits so close) that I am going to give my support to the

olden club platform, which as far as I can see is merely a republican platform with a democratic coat on.



your loving brother

Frank

COUNTRY